How to Keep Your Mouth Shut

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How to Keep Your Mouth Shut

by primetime

Summary

Danny’s sometimes gay. Gay, sometimes. Does dudes. He doesn’t know how to say it right. He doesn’t know how to say it at all.

So Danny likes to get his face fucked every once in a while, what's the huge freaking deal. There is no huge deal - it's the 21st century, a man can be a man and a doting daddy and a little freaky in the sack all at the same time.

The only actual problem once Danny moves to Hawaii is the logistics, right, because he knows Jersey, he grew up hearing certain things about certain clubs and that gave him a little, you know, facility. A little facility with the location, which places a good cop could hit up, with a certain modicum of discretion for certain things. Which places catered to certain needs, you know.

So he moves to Hawaii, and even though Danny's comfortable with himself, he's comfortable with himself all in private, right, he doesn't need the whole HPD knowing his business. And he doesn't really get the right vibe off anyone he meets, to ask about this shit, to give the right nod and smile to. He tries googling and just gets a bunch of websites blaring techno so whatever, he's here for his daughter anyways. He beats off a lot instead. He's got bigger problems right now, what with trying to forcibly instil a sense of self-preservation into his fucking insane new team.

It all works out fine, for a whole bunch of months. But then Danny gets an opportunity, you know, goes for a late night jog on a new route and sees all the right signs, a club spilling out guys, way too many empty condom wrappers littering the outside, and figures what the heck. Gonna be more relaxing than the jog, that's for sure, so Danny pulls off his shirt and heads in.

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And so that's fine. Until, well, -

"Don't I know you, man?"

Danny keeps his face tucked away and his expression straight as he cuffs the guy. "You a fine and upstanding member of Hawaii law enforcement? 'Cause otherwise, I'm gonna say, it's pretty unlikely."

"Don't get out much?" Kono teases, chipping in from where she's shoving the other dealer in the back of the car. His head conks on the car roof and Danny winces.

"Watch it, Kono, okay?" Danny pleads, without even the barest hope.

She scoffs as Steve walks back over, hanging up his call to the governor. Danny's attention is pulled back down though, when the guy squirms violently in his cuffs to crane his head over his shoulder.

"Problem, Danny?" Steve starts, smirking, but the guy underneath Danny relaxes and starts to laugh, loud and mean.

"I know you, man," this asshole says. "You remember me? Maybe not my face, man. Maybe you remember another part of me. Maybe you got up close and personal with Me Jr, you remember that, cop?"

"I think you got the wrong guy," Danny says, but he meets Steve's curious eyes by accident and that's a bad decision, not enough time to smooth out the worry he can feel in his face. It's a fucking small island, no matter what they say. He hauls the guy up, shoves him in the direction of his buddy in the car.

"Maybe that's what this is about, huh? You want a second go? Don't have to cuff me for that, man," and Kono tries to jump in, bless her, with a loud question at Steve about the governor's response, but it doesn't drown this fucker out, now enunciating as clearly as he can, "'cause you sucked dick like a fucking pro, cop."

"Wow," Danny says, not making eye contact with anybody. "You are not endearing yourself, buddy."

"You can endear yourself to my dick, fa-" and that's when Steve steps in between and shoves the guy in the car, his head slamming off the roof, probably already forming a nice bruise to match his buddy's. Steve and Kono: like insane violent peas in a pod that pretends to be nothing but pure cold competence.

Danny can hear them hollering about police brutality in the car, but he rolls his eyes and brushes some imaginary dirt off his slacks. "Shall we," he says, interrupting the awkward silence, and Kono hops in the squad car they've borrowed and drives off with the perps, waving goodbye and already blasting the radio.

"Let's go," Danny says to Steve, who's standing there like a dumbass, and they get in the car.

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They're not even halfway back to the station when Steve breaks the silence.

"So he said he knew you," Steve says.

Danny's already shaking his head. "Let's not, okay? Let's just let this peaceful silence roll, okay? Don't have to go interrupting it with - with this, aggh, this whole thing, okay?" But it's futile, Danny can see already. Steve's lips are forming into that solid line, hands tightening on the wheel.

"Look, I respect your privacy-" and Danny rolls his eyes.

"Respecting privacy? Is that what this is?"

"- but I'm your team leader, your partner, and I need to know that you feel safe on this team."

"Feel safe," Danny says, and wants to put his face into the dashboard. "What am I, some tiny teeny twelve year old? Also, can I note that no, I do not feel safe on this team. I never feel safe on this team, because someone on this team - well one someone and one someone-in-training - are crazy people who do not understand anything about upholding public confidence in the administration of justice."

Steve just stays silent. Danny can feel him waiting him out; it makes the back of his neck itch.

"Okay. Okay, I don't talk much about it but sometimes I do enjoy the company of other, you know, other guys. Okay? Are you happy now, McGarrett?"

Steve's still focused on the road, but he doesn't look happy. He can practically see Steve trying to compose the reply of a totally normal partner, but it's not coming out.

"McGarrett?" Danny says, suddenly needing to hear this.

"No, Danny, okay? No, I am not happy about this."

It feels like a punch. "What are you, some kind of homoph-"

"No, Danny, I am not some kind of homophobe. I am not happy that we have been working together for months, months now, and this has miraculously never come up. Because that means you were hiding it, and Danny," he rolls over, louder, over Danny's incoherent protesting noises, "we're partners, and if you feel you need to hide, you know, a part of yourself from me, well then we have a real problem that yeah, I feel like I need to take some responsibility for."

Danny's thinking hard about throwing himself out the window. Well, he's thinking hard about throwing Steve out the window. Either or, that's the thing. But yeah, Steve looks pretty upset.

"Okay, I see," Danny says, nodding and keeping the calmest face he can in this situation - this situation, which he has devoted a somewhat large and deliberate amount of care in the last few months to avoid. Steve waits him out.

Danny rubs at his face. "Okay, I like to sleep with guys sometimes and I think it's a little simpler if it doesn't get all around the department, you know?"

"Okay," Steve says, with great effort. "I do know. But me and Kono and Chin - I mean, you know we have your back, right? More than - you know, more than your average backup. You feel that too, right?"

"I do," Danny says, serious, feeling the concern in Steve's tone. "I do, man, okay?"

"Okay," Steve repeats. There's an awkward silence, the silence of having talked about feelings. "So, that guy? That two-bit dealer's your, like, type or whatever?"

Danny socks him straight in the shoulder, so bad they swerve a little as Steve jerks the steering wheel. It's worth it.

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So they had it out or whatever. And Kono must pass the word onto Chin, probably, because next time Danny sees him he has the weird, awkwardly gentle smile of someone who knows you a little better. And it was a pretty good talk, as far as those things go. So it actually shouldn't be awkward.

But it is a little awkward.

Like okay, it's an average day, an average case, which for them means everything is a disaster and Hawaii's in imminent danger of social collapse. A couple gangs get into it for a few weeks, incidents of violence escalating and escalating. Until fuck it, of course, eight, maybe nine guys shooting at each other in the middle of a main Honolulu strip, no one knows who started it but it's a huge fucking panic, locals grabbing their kids and running and tourists cowering in the shops.

They get called in since they're in the area, and it's not even two minutes before Danny sees an HPD officer taking a bullet for some kid in boardshorts, right in the chest. Steve's closer so he goes for him and starts some basic field med, while Danny bolts for the shooter. He's a huge guy though – has the bulging muscles and pasty not-enough-daylight skin of a guy just outta prison – and so Danny's best tackle barely shakes him. He manages to knee the gun out of the guy's hand, at least, and then it's just bare-knuckle brawling, alternating punches when he can get the leverage and trying to maintain a strangehold over the guy.

He's got it under control though; the guy's tiring fast, he can tell, no endurance built up out of wrestling a kid with un-fucking-ending energy. He's just about to flip them and scrabble for a necklock when the guy goes flying off him. Danny follows his movement to see two-hundred-something pounds of Steve kneeling right on his throat, landing a couple solid punches, and Danny stands up and grabs his cuffs, gets in there.

It's another two hours before the scene's cleared enough for them to head back to the office, but Danny's adrenaline's going still, enough that what starts as a spark of irritation grows into a ball of anger. By some miracle, no one gets hit except that one officer – who the paramedics rushed off immediately – and some of the shooters, who Danny can't really muster much sympathy for. But there are statements to take and store owners to talk down, so it takes a couple hours while Danny tries really, really fucking hard not to meet Steve's eyes.

It doesn't take long though before Steve heads up to him. "Ready to go?"

"Yeah," Danny says, turning towards the car.

"Okay," Steve says, lingering behind for a second before catching up.

But back in the car – it seems like all their fights start in the car – Steve tentatively tries to figure out the mood.

"You okay?" he says.

"I'm fine, okay?" Danny says, already too loud, he can tell. "You always gotta assume I'm not okay?"

"Well, no," Steve says. "I don't do that. I don't think this whole situation has ever arisen before."

"Yeah, sure," says Danny. "Peaceful silence, okay? Peaceful silence."

They actually make it back to the office without getting into it, which is great, except that it doesn't last long. They sit down to type up their reports - normally a time they kick back, put

their feet up on Steve's desk and shoot the shit. Instead, Danny goes to sit at his own desk, gets a hand planted in his back and shoved into Steve's office for his trouble.

Steve closes the door behind them and turns around. “Well now I’m really starting to feel like something’s wrong,” Steve says. “Because you’re kind of acting like you’re sulking around something, Danny.”

Danny rubs at his eyes with one hand. “Okay, fuck it,” he says. “Now you know I do dudes, now you gotta step in when I’m taking some guy down? You don’t think I can handle myself?”

“That is – the opposite of what I think,” Steve says, his hackles obviously rising.

“Cause normally you let me handle my own fights,” Danny says. “You let Kono handle her own fights, even though she’s like ten pounds soaking wet, because you know she can handle herself. But me? Now you know I’m,” he pauses, “well, gay sometimes or whatever, now you gotta intervene?”

“Danny, that is not fair,” Steve says. “I tackled him because he was dangerous and he had you pinned.”

“You left,” Danny articulates, “a HPD officer *bleeding on the street* to come rescue me like some civilian."

“You’re overreacting,” Steve says, crossing his arms tightly over his chest.

“You’re being a frigging dick!” Danny says, and slams the door like a four-year-old on his way out. Meeting Kono’s eyes on the way out makes him feel kind of sheepish already but he firms his chin and maintains his anger all the way home. Well, most of the way.

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“Beer?” Steve says, holding the sixpack up in front of his face like a shield. Danny holds in his urge to sigh, steps back and lets him in.

Steve sets it on the stack of boxes that’s still serving as a coffee table/desk/occasional chair and turns back around.

“Look man, I-“

Danny looks down. “No, it’s-“

They both stop.

“Possibly I overreacted.”

“Possibly,” Steve affirms. “Possibly it’s a justified fear.”

“Fear,” Danny stops him immediately. “Fear, whoa, that’s a big word. Anxiety, maybe, sure. Concern, that’s better.”

“Well either way, we’re – we’re good, right?”

Danny saunters over to the ‘table’ and tilts the sixpack on its side to examine it. “Well, not anymore,” he says. “You bring me apology beer and it’s not even the good stuff?”

Steve twists the cap off and flicks it half-heartedly onto the table, flopping gracefully down onto Danny’s sofabed and stretching out. “Yup.”

“You’re lucky I’m a forgiving soul.”

“Well, next time I’ll let you get your face smashed in.”

“Thank you,” Danny says, with dignity.

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Okay, so Danny’s not like, sexist or anything. He’s progressive. He’s got a daughter, for chrissake, he’s not going to go around teaching little girls they can’t be anything they want to be, because if someone did that to his Gracie, he’d shove their face in a pool. Or possibly just hand them over to Steve and tell him they’ve got some valuable intel on drugrunners or something. Voila.

So he’s not sexist, but in his experience, which is not insignificant, he has observed through a very scientific process that female officers are better with people, you know, getting them to relax and tell their story or just calm the fuck down, which is at least 60% of their job. Socialization, that’s what it is. He’s pretty sure that’s a thing.

So when they divvy up the tasks, yeah, they’ve been putting Kono on victim-duty and babysitting duty and such. It’s dumb, he acknowledges, but she’s stunning and composed and the rookie to boot, so of course she gets those. And that’s a system that works well, right until he realizes that Kono has already picked up all of Steve’s worst habits and added them on to someone with a sneaky left hook and the mental and physical discipline of a professional athlete.

“You cuffed him,” Danny says.

“Yes,” says Kono, projecting diligence and responsibility as hard as she can.

“You put him on the ground.”

“Yes.”

“You put a board on top of him.”

“Well, it fell,” Kono starts.

“It fell when you hit it.”

She shuts her mouth for a second. “Yes.”

“And then you stood on top of it and balanced there until he talked.”

“It’s like, an exercise,” she says. “For surfing.”

“Really?” Danny says, putting his head in his hands. He speaks from there, trying not to look at the form he’s trying to fill out. “Because it sounds like torture at the hands of the state.”

“Nahhhhhh,” she says immediately, drawling a little bit. “That’s not right, Danny.”

“Zip it.”

“Oh-kay,” she says, looking guilty.

He’s staring at her, open-mouthed and at a total loss, when Steve pops in and raps on the door.

“You guys are almost done, right? Because we could really use your help out here, this is taking forever.”

“This is a serious problem,” Danny says, trying to keep calm.

“Nahhhh,” Steve says, and Danny wants to kill him. “Sounds like a reasonable application of force to me. Right, Kono,” he says, and cuffs her gently on the back of the head.

She elbows him in the stomach and he oofs a little, before they turn to grin at him with creepily identical smiles.

“Just go,” Danny says. “Just get out of my sight.”

They laugh and go, and Danny shoves the form in one of his shitty metal drawers and slams it closed. He toys with the thought of digging into the rest of his paperwork for a second before giving up and grabbing his coat.

“I’m heading out,” he says, as he passes Kono, Steve and Chin bent over some photos, spread out on the screen.

Steve detaches from the group and takes a couple steps towards him, his boots clunking on the office floor. “You don’t want to start digging into this new case?”

“Sorry, man,” Danny says. “Came in early to finish up that paperwork, remember? I’m working on like an hour’s sleep here.”

“Right,” Steve says, after a pause. “All right, head out. See you tomorrow, Danno.”

“See ya,” Danny says, giving a little wave.

Okay, he doesn’t really object to Steve’s tactics, as a matter of principle. He’s done worse things in the course of duty – well, equally bad, at least. And no one can deny that they’re not effective. Upholding the law – that’s what defense lawyers are for, not detectives working under a deadline that usually means someone’s gonna get killed.

But they're not going to go undetected forever, that's for sure. Definitely not with Kono taking Steve's actions as a free pass to put some of her more creative crime-solving ideas in motion. And Danny *likes* working with 5-0. If Steve and Kono want to jeopardize that, well, that's their business. But when Danny gets transferred back to working with some nine-to-five HPD detective working for the weekends, barely paying enough attention to cover Danny's back, sitting at home trying to remember how insanely happy Gracie was to hear he was moving, he's not gonna be thinking about the extra ten seconds throwing some guy in a shark trap bought them.

He thinks about that, grumpy as hell, all the way to the club, all the way to the backroom, all the way to letting some guy with a couple solid inches on him and a stern face shove him up against a wall and take his dick in his mouth, pinning Danny's hips to the wall with his elbows.

Danny enjoys that for almost ten whole minutes he gets before he looks up and Chin, in full uniform and tac vest, is standing in front of him with a hand over his eyes. Which means he's already seen him. Which means the rest of the team is here. Which means Danny's night is officially fucked up beyond all repair.

"We… got a lead," Chin says, totally straightfaced.

"Awesome," Danny says, buckling as fast as humanly possible. "That's just, so, fucking, awesome."

He can't even look at the guy he's shoved off - *really* wishes the guy would stop wiping his mouth so blatantly, for a couple reasons, not least that Chin is still right fucking there.

He follows Chin back out in the bar proper, already dreading this, and yep, of course, Steve "elite Navy SEAL" McGarrett notices him within the first ten seconds.

"Danny!" he says, sounding pleased, and Danny watches the whole deductive process go through his face.

Chin clears his throat and reports in, "No sign of dealing back there."

"Just Danny, here. And not in uniform. And –" Steve waves a hand in Danny's general direction, probably indicating the untucked shirt and what Danny can feel is the flush in his face.

"Yup."

"Well," Steve says, slowly.

"Danny!" Kono pipes in, from in the corner. "You got my message?"

"Nope," Danny says, just going for it at this point. He seen his team pick at clues until they unravel; there's really no point in pretending anything.

Kono furrows a brow for a like a quarter second before she's laughing. "You lucky dog, get to hang out with 5-0 even on your night off, eh, bro?"

“Just tell me who we’re arresting,” says Danny. “And give me your back-up piece.” She pulls it out and hands it over, and Danny feels for the grip as he waits for Steve to stop his silent stare thing. “Boss?”

Steve coughs and comes back to himself. “Well, Danny, as our unofficial guide– if you had to peg anybody in particular as the kinds of guys who’d be dealing contaminated heroin out of here, who’d it be?”

Danny scans the room as he tests the weight of Kono’s loaner gun. “Those two,” he says, flicking his eyes to just over Chin’s left shoulder. “And if it’s not them, they’ll know who it is, for sure.”

“Working a little wilful blindness here, Danno?” Kono nudges.

“Not anymore,” Danny says. “Just – let’s go, okay? God, this night.”

Steve and Chin are already darting around to flank their targets; Danny and Kono give them a second while they wait for the moment to approach.

“Also, you might wanna find a comb after this,” Kono says as they start moving, winking. “Unless you’re working this hedgehog style on purpose.”

“Goddamn-“ Danny says, and runs a hand back through his hair.

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He gets all the expected teasing the next day from Chin and Kono, takes it with what he thinks is the exceptional grace of a saint. Mostly.

“I gotta say, Danno,” Kono says, “Didn’t really seem like your kinda place.”

“The dancing,” Chin puts in.

“You like to whip your shirt off and get your groove on?” Kono says, and starts grooving all by herself. Danny tries really hard not to look as her button up rides up, but whatever, he’s human.

“Just stop that,” Danny says, rolling his eyes cheerfully, and steps in to give her a twirl.

Chin’s laughing, even if he’s clearly desperately trying to maintain some office composure, as Danny dips Kono low, her leg kicked up over his thigh.

When he looks up again, Steve’s leaning in the doorway, grinning.

“Now who’s ‘an out of control, disaster, disgrace to proper police forces everywhere’?” he asks, and Danny lets Kono twist out of his arms and up. He gives her a little bow, laughing.

“I guess us, Boss,” she says,

“I don’t know, Steve,” Danny says. “That still sounds like you.”

“Danny was just showing us his moves,” Kono explains. “’Cause we missed them yesterday, showing up so late and all.”

“I wasn’t too late,” Chin puts in, totally dry, and Danny chokes a little.

“What is this, rag on Danny day?” he says, trying to regain some composure. “I hate rag on Danny day. Plus you guys gotta coordinate this with Rachel, she usually plans the whole thing.”

Chin shuffles some papers, leaning on the counter. “I’m there. I think my eyes are still burning. You gonna call that poor guy? Or was it not really a numbers-exchanged thing?”

Danny rolls his own, only to hear Steve clear his throat. “Okay, well if you guys are done wasting time, we have actual crimes to investigate.”

“Okay, mood-killer,” Kono says, teasing.

“I just think maybe we should actually put those salaries to use. I’d think you especially should be focused, Kono, since you took a spot that could go to someone with more experience.”

There’s a fucking awful silence while that sinks into their minds – Steve included, it looks like, since he looks horrified for a second, then firms himself up again.

“Can we talk,” says Kono, low.

“I guess we should,” Steve says.

“Because you picked me for this team, and I haven’t heard any complaints about my performance yet, so if you have any constructive criticism I’d like to hear it-“ and that’s all Danny hears before Chin hooks a grip around his arm and hauls him out of the conference room, closing the door behind them.

“Chin!” Danny says.

“Let’s go.”

“We should be in there backing her up!” Danny says.

“She doesn’t need our backup,” Chin says, looking furious.

“That was totally fucking unfair. That was – what the fuck brought that out?”

“I don’t know, man. I don’t know,” Chin says, shaking his head, and heads down the hallway to the tech room.

Danny stands there for another second, crossing his arms. “That was-“ he starts again, before he realizes he’s talking to himself and storms off.

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Steve spends Friday night buying round after round, looking like a chastened dog, so Danny guesses they worked it out. Kono was actually probably the first to forgive him – Chin looking stony until Kono had dropped in a mention about the new investigation into a series of home burglaries she'd be heading up, and Danny accidentally kicking Steve pretty much every time he got up for a couple straight hours.

By the end of the night, Steve's actually pretty hammered – Danny doesn't know about the other two, but he's been pouring his drinks into the plant next to him to make Steve buy more rounds. What he said was pretty scummy; Danny decided Steve was gonna pay, literally. He doesn't regret it.

Steve's been dutifully drinking his beers, though, and the whiskeys, and the shots they'd ordered that Kono swore were delicious, so he's pretty much falling all over himself. Danny waves off Kono and Chin as they head out – Steve's obviously forgiven but his comment not forgotten, so Kono and Chin don't look too inclined to handle the whole process of making sure he gets home.

But Danny's become very adept as Steve's babysitter, so he shrugs and heaves Steve's arm over his shoulders.

"Off we go, buddy," he says.

"Right," Steve says. "Do I - wait, where's my-" he mumbles, reaching for his wallet.

"Relax, we're good," Danny says. "Although I will say, this is starting to feel more like my punishment than yours."

"Oh, I feel punished," Steve says. "Wait, was this the punishment?"

"Yup."

"I feel punished."

"You said that," Danny says, as they stumble towards the car.

"I feel bad," Steve says.

"You should," Danny says. So he's not able to resist one final dig, whatever.

"Kono's – oh boy," Steve says, as he levers himself gently into the passenger seat. "Um, Kono's an awesome recruit. She's basically not a rookie. Well, she is a rookie, like chronologically. But not in, um, being a good detective."

"I agree," says Danny, closing the door and heading for the other side.

"I made a good choice."

"You did, Mr. Humble."

"Mr. – uh. Hmmm."

There's blissful silence in the car for most of the drive to Steve's house, though, Steve drifting off a bit in the seat next to him.

"Wake up," Danny says when they get there, and they go back through the whole process of getting out of the car, going through Steve's pockets for the keys, and making it to the couch, where Steve faceplants, rubbing his face against the pillow with a moan that goes – Danny's not gonna deny this, any more than he's gonna deny that Kono's a smoking babe and Chin's lean swimmer body does bad things to him – a moan that goes straight to his dick.

He goes to Steve's kitchen, gets a glass of water for himself, refills it and brings it to the side table. Steve is a giant lump – too tall for his own couch, it's sad. Though Danny can't talk, he reflects; he's pretty much too tall for his sofabed, and Steve probably has a real bed, the appropriate size. He wonders about it a little, just for a second, lingering on the thoughts of Steve's bed – Steve's bed, where he crawls in in just those boxer briefs, Danny's seen what Steve sleeps in, a couple too early mornings – and then he slaps himself back to reality.

Maybe he's a little tipsy himself, he thinks. Maybe he shouldn't be driving. Maybe he should wake Steve up, tell him he's gonna crash here, then drag him upstairs, suck his dick on that bed and go from there.

Maybe he's getting kind of creepy. "Okay, Steve," Danny says, poking him in the face. "Wake up."

"Wha-" Steve says, shaking himself into as close as he can come to awareness all crashed out like that.

"There's water here – water, you hear that? – and I'll pick you up tomorrow at seven. Seven, got it? Steve. Steve, seven."

"Seven," Steve repeats, a little dreamily.

"You got it," Danny says, and pats him on the cheek. He stands up straight again, cracks his back – he's getting old, that's for sure – and pulls his car keys out again, jangling them around his finger as he goes.

"Wait," Steve says, and Danny turns back around to see Steve struggling to sit up, by the lonely light of the one side lamp. It's fucking dark in here.

"Wait."

"Yeah?" Danny says.

"Wait," Steve says, struggling.

"Okay, buddy," Danny says, rolling his eyes. "See ya-"

"No, Danno," Steve says. "Where are you going?"

"I'm going home," Danny says.

Steve stands up, bracing himself on the side of the couch, then gets his feet underneath him and strides forward, a couple of long steps eating up the distance.

“You’re going home,” Steve repeats.

“Yeah,” Danny says. “Gotta get up early tomorrow, again, like always-“

“You’re not going, you’re not going to that club,” Steve says.

Danny laughs, a little. “No, man. It’s like eight hours past my bedtime, me and Gracie both.”

“You shouldn’t go there anyway,” Steve says, looking angry.

“I know,” Danny says, feeling a sick pit of guilt. “Fucking – people dealing heroin out the back and I looked right by it, just wanting to get laid.”

“No, I mean – “ Steve says, up close and hot. He’s staring, trying not to let Danny lose eye contact, to let Danny drop his eyes to the floor like he wants to. “I mean don’t go back there.”

“I won’t,” Danny says. “I wouldn’t anyway. Okay?”

Steve studies him for a second, then droops a little. “Okay,” he says, rubbing a hand over his face, his shoulders turning away a little bit.

“Okay,” Danny says. “Sorry.”

“Yeah,” Steve says, soft.

“Okay. Good night. Go to sleep, okay?” Danny says, and Steve turns away as Danny leaves.

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“Did you get cake?” Danny says to Steve, when he comes back from having the quietest, most subtle fight with Rachel they’ve ever managed. She invited Attorney Prickface to Gracie’s birthday party – unbelievable. Even Step-Stan is bearable – well, no, that’s not really true, Step-Stan is the worst. But he refuses to interact socially with that scumbag.

“He doesn’t eat cake, apparently,” Kono says, kicking back on the lawn chair.

Danny turns to him in horror. “You are a cyborg. You are some kind of freakish automaton. I am, actually, I am actually in fear of you.”

“I mean, I eat cake,” Steve says, taking a sip off his beer. “I just don’t like that much sugar. In one place, at the same time. It’s really sweet.”

“Of course it’s sweet,” Danny says. “It’s cake. It’s birthday cake, for my baby girl. I will cram this cake down your face if it comes to it, McGarrett, so let me go get you a piece of birthday cake.”

“Okay,” Steve says, laughing. “I will eat that cake.”

“Good,” Danny says. “It’s chocolate with chocolate icing, because I have the smartest daughter in the world.”

He turns to go and almost crashes right into Attorney Evil McScumbag.

“Whoa there,” the guy says.

“Oh my god,” Danny says. “Please, please, just go away from me. Just be – not here.”

“Relax,” the guy says. Okay, Brian says. He knows his name, he’s read the emails on his tiny phone screen. “I come in peace.”

“You come in pure evil, buddy, and I know it.”

“Look, I just wanted to say,” Brian starts.

“Are we even supposed to be talking?” Danny asks. “Shouldn’t I get a lawyer or something? Aren’t we supposed to like mediate things through neutral parties?”

“Well, technically I can talk to you since you’ve been representing yourself ex parte,” Brian says. “And also, I can definitely talk to you since I’m no longer representing Rachel in a legal capacity.”

“You’re not,” Danny says, warily. “Since when?”

“Since yesterday,” Brian says, and grins. “Now that you guys have a solid custody plan set out, and it seems to be going pretty well, Rachel thinks it would be beneficial for you guys to try to work any future conflicts out yourselves.”

He looks over at her, across the park, and she’s laughing with a couple of Gracie’s friends, the Hawaiian sunlight glinting off her sunglasses. She looks good, Danny thinks, and feels good about noticing it. Feels pretty good in general, actually. Almost good enough to forgive this Brian guy.

Danny comes back to himself slowly. “Well then, I guess my next question is what you’re doing here.”

“Oh, Rachel – we’re kind of friends,” Brian says. “But look, I did come over for a reason – Rachel could have told you that yourself.”

“Go,” says Danny, cautiously. He sips at his beer to prepare himself.

“I wanted to tell you how impressed I was with you. When you weren’t screaming at me over the phone, at least,” Brian says, quirking his lips up in a half-laugh. “Believe me, working family law – you don’t see a lot of dads, a lot of parents at all, with your kind of devotion.”

“Oh,” Danny says.

“To be honest,” Brian says, looking him straight in the eyes. “It was starting to interfere with my job a little.”

“I see,” Danny says, and glances around for a second, trying to buy himself a second to run this through this mind. Steve’s watching him from the lawn chair; he still hasn’t gotten any goddamned cake. When he sees Danny looking, though, he flicks his eyes away, reaching down for his beer, planted in the grass.

“You’re single, right?” says Brian, with meaning.

“Oh,” Danny says, jerking his attention back from Steve’s mouth on the rim of the bottle. “Yeah, I am.”

“Rachel said something,” Brian says. “She also told me to go for it.”

He looks over at her and meets Rachel’s eyes. She raises her lemonade to him, smiling, and he grins back, shooting her a wink.

To be honest, he feels too good to say no, and that tie’s kinda working for Brian, accentuating the long firm line of his chest.

“All right,” Danny says. “One beer.”

“Sounds good,” Brian says.

“You have my number,” Danny says. “Cause of the whole screaming at you on the phone thing.”

“Yeah. I’m gonna call it.”

“Good,” says Danny, and Brian beams back at him, white teeth gleaming in the sunshine.

Steve’s looking serious when he gets back. “Where’s my cake,” he says, reaching out to tap Danny’s calf gently with one foot. He’s smiling but it’s not really in a funny way.

“Oh, right, sorry,” Danny says, still off-guard. “Too bad, offer’s off the table now. Where’s Chin and Kono?”

“Had to go – Kono’s got some friend in a surfing tournament. They said happy birthday to Grace before they went, don’t worry.”

“Danno!” says his daughter, from right beneath him. It’s funny, sometimes he looks at her and he cannot understand how she got so big from that tiny little creature he could hold in one arm, and other times he looks down and she’s still so tiny next to him, tiny and sneaky as hell. Nine years old. Unbelievable.

“Monkey!” he says back.

“Hey, Gracie,” Steve says. “Having a good birthday?”

“Yeah,” she says. “Why aren’t you eating cake?”

“That is a very good question,” Steve says. “Danno? Why aren’t I eating cake?”

“That’s what I call Dad!” she says. It used to be Daddy. Be still, his heart. What the hell is he gonna do when she’s all grown, that’s what Danny wants to know.

“It’s a good name,” Steve says, and she grins.

“I’ll get you cake if you want some,” she says.

“That is being a very good hostess,” Danny says to her. “But you can go play with your friends, sweetheart. I’ll get Steve here some cake if he’s too lazy to get it himself.”

“Okay,” she says. She hugs him before she goes and he prays she never grows out of impromptu hugs. He’ll just impromptu hug her instead, she’ll have to put up with it. It’s not even the most embarrassing thing he plans to do to her, like harass her boyfriends and cheer way too loud at her graduation.

She runs off and then it’s just him and Steve again.

“Got distracted, huh?” Steve says, his tone carefully neutral.

Danny flops into the lawn chair next to him, closing his eyes against the glare of the sun, letting it warm his face. He and Rachel are acting almost like grown-ups; Gracie is – he cracks one eye open – Gracie is in the pool with her special birthday dress still on, laughing like a maniac; his team is safe and working on a ridiculous case closure rate; and he’s got a date, or something.

“Everything’s coming up Danny,” Danny drawls, laughing.

He cracks an eye open to see Steve twist his mouth in a smile. “Be careful there,” Steve says. “That sounds like gloating to me.”

“Yeah,” Danny says, rolling his neck to face him, head still back and taking in the sun. “Whatcha gonna do about it?”

“Me? I’m not gonna do nothing,” Steve says. “This is between you and karma, buddy.”

“Tempting fate, huh,” Danny says, and mulls it over. They sit in peace for a while, watching the kids do their thing, which mostly seems to be shoving each other into the dirt. Kids are fun.

“He seems nice, though,” Steve presses, eventually.

“Please,” Danny says. “Who wears a tie to a birthday party, anyways?”

Steve just quirks an eyebrow.

“Shuddup.”

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He and Brian go for that beer, and it's pretty good. The guy's funny, in a dry way that Danny likes, and okay, he never thought about settling down with a guy – maybe it's like internalized homophobia or something, but he always thought, you know, guys were for when you were horny and wanted a thing that wasn't a thing. But he can kind of see it – not with Brian, that would be crazy fast, but he's mulling the idea over. It hasn't been the worst thing ever, being out to his team; Gracie would probably take it okay, or at least as well as she'd take Danny dating anyone, which considering how she'd responded to Step-Stan at first will be a disaster anyways. He's thinking about it.

He's thinking about it in the car one day, heading back from arresting some asshole who'd hired guys to kidnap his own wife, hoping she'd be so shaken she wouldn't go through with the divorce. Danny's barely aware of Steve glancing at him every ten seconds, at first, but eventually he picks up on it.

"Something up?" Danny says.

"Well, you're not usually this quiet," Steve says. "It's freaking me out a little."

Danny laughs. "No crisis," he says.

"Problem with Rachel?"

"Nah," Danny says. "That's kind of good, actually." Last week, when he'd gone to drop Gracie off, she'd actually waved from beyond the gates. It's almost like they're civilized human beings.

"Problems with, um."

"Brian."

"Brian, yeah."

"No," Danny says, and trails off.

"That's it? That's all you have to say?" Steve says, spreading his hands on the wheel in a gesture of supplication. "Work with me here, Danno."

"Okay," Danny says. "Do you ever think about settling down?"

"What?" Steve says, a little too loud. "You've been dating this guy for like a week, you're settling down?"

"No," says Danny, "God, relax. Just, okay…"

"Spit it out," says Steve, hands clasped firmly on the wheel.

"Okay, I always thought – I thought after Rachel I was kind of done, right? Like, classic divorced cop, throw yourself into the job to replace your failed relationships, hook up occasionally until you die, if you're lucky with a nice classy funeral where the whole

department attends. Hell, I felt lucky because at least I'm doing right by Gracie, you know, I wasn't going to be one of those cop dads who never sees their kids."

"Yeah," Steve says, warily.

"But now, I mean." He lapses into silence again. "I mean, it's 2011. It wouldn't be that weird, you know, with a guy. They have like, civil unions and shit in some places. I already have a kid, so. And I mean, there's adoption, or whatever – okay, that's crazy far, but yeah, I could be with a guy."

"You're gay-" Steve says.

"Sometimes," Danny corrects.

"So this never occurred to you before?"

"Don't laugh at my process, McGarrett," Danny says, actually shaking a finger at him. "I'm evolving."

"That's beautiful," Steve says, dry. When Danny doesn't respond, he clears his throat and adds on, "Yeah, Danny. You could be with a guy."

Danny hmphs.

Steve shifts in his seat suddenly, rolling his shoulders. "This is way too fast though, you know that, right? Like Brian, I mean, come on."

"You don't like Brian?" Danny says, loud even over the rumbling of the car.

"I barely know the guy," Steve says, glaring at the road.

"Yeah, but he's been in the office, you've met him. You don't like him?"

"Well, Danny, no," Steve says, defensive. "No, I don't like him."

"Okay," Danny says, patient. "What don't you like about him?"

Steve speeds up a little. "I don't know, okay, he's smug."

"Smug."

"And kind of, I don't know. He's – well what has he done with – well, I don't know, he's just, I mean, can you really see yourself with him?"

"I kind of can," Danny says.

"Because Rachel, I get," Steve interrupts. "Rachel is funny and mean and sexy as hell-"

"Whoa, slow down there," Danny says immediately.

"But Brian, I don't know, he's so, bleh."

“Bleh.”

“You just gonna repeat what I say back to me?”

“You gonna use real words like a grown up?”

“I don’t know, Danno, okay? I don’t like him. I’m sorry. There’s not, I can’t do anything about that.”

“Okay, well I won’t bring him around, I guess.”

“Don’t sulk, Danny. You said the same thing to Kono two weeks ago about the guy she was seeing.”

Danny scoffs. “Well, the thing was that he was… terrible. He was just terrible.”

“Uh huh.”

The thing is, Danny’s pretty sure he should be madder than he is, but he’s pretty sure if he were really into Brian, he’d have tried to fuck him by now. And nada. So yeah, okay, Steve may have some kind of point or something.

“I’ll let it go,” Danny says magnanimously.

Steve just rolls his eyes and cranks up the music.

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He gives it another couple dates with Brian, though, because he is pretty funny, and he is Rachel’s friend and Danny will say one thing about her, she has good taste. Except for Step-Stan. And okay, he’ll admit, he wasn’t the great champ in the world when he was with her. Whatever.

They’re actually getting somewhere on the last one – Brian giving him a desultory hand job on his sofabed – when Danny’s phone rings.

“Yup,” Danny says, picking up.

“Really,” says Brian, incredulous.

Danny holds the phone to his chest for a second to muffle the sound. “I’m a detective. This is the life of a detective. Crime does not stop for hand jobs.”

Brian slumps back against the couch, throwing his hands in the air, as Danny puts the phone back to his ear.

“Hand jobs, huh,” Steve says.

“Go fuck yourself.”

“Well remember that hostile, the dealer we arrested with his buddy a couple months back? At the ‘Iolani Palace?”

“The one who forcibly shoved me out of the closet?” Danny says, dry.

“That’s the one. He skipped out on bail, he’s holding a couple people hostage at a gift store downtown, actually a couple blocks away from you.”

“What a winner,” Danny says, already doing up his pants one-handed. “Text me the address.”

“Yeah, you really know how to pick ‘em, Danno,” Steve says. “Kono and Chin are already there, so hustle.”

“Got it,” Danny says, and snaps the phone closed.

“You’re out,” Brian says.

“Yeah,” says Danny, trying to look apologetic.

“Well, you were right, it’s for your job – I have no right to get upset, I’m sorry. Call you tomorrow?”

“Look, Brian,” Danny starts, and man, he’s got like ten seconds to get out the door so this is gonna be ugly, but better short and sweet, that’s his motto.

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When he gets there, Chin’s already talking to the guy on the phone. He’s gotten him to release a mom with two little kids already, in exchange for some food and water, so Danny takes his time strapping on his vest. Lotta ‘hurry up and wait’ in these situations, usually.

“He’s been asking for you,” Chin says, when Danny walks up.

“Are you kidding me?” Danny says. Steve looks stonefaced, so he guesses this is for real. Plus Chin’s not really the type to be throwing practical jokes around when people’s lives are on the line, so.

“All right,” Danny says, eyebrows raised. “Gimme.”

Steve holds out an arm and blocks off the transfer of the phone for a second. “Stay calm, ask him for the hostages but don’t make him feel trapped. You got this.”

Danny nods and takes the phone, opens his mouth and then motions frantically at Chin. “Name?” he mouths.

“Seriously?” whispers Steve, as Chin scribbles ‘Andy’ on a piece of paper and slides it over. “You – you had, you know, you did it with this guy and not even his name?”

Danny makes a face and him and takes the phone.

“Andy, dude?”

The tinny voice down the phone line is freaked the fuck out, Danny can tell that right away. “You’re that cop, right? The one I banged?”

“Banged,” says Danny. “That’s going a little far.”

“Yeah, that’s you,” Andy says. “Look man, I am not gonna lie, this is outta my control, a lot. I was drunk as hell and this was, fuck, so fucking stupid. Can you give me, like, immunity or something?”

“Look Andy,” Danny says. “I’m not authorized to make any deals on the phone. Let the rest of the customers out, then sit down on the floor and put your hands up where I can see them, okay? Then I’ll come in and we can hash this whole thing out.”

“For some kind of deal, right,” Andy says, relieved.

“Sounds good to me,” says Danny.

“And I mean, if you come in alone, we can maybe catch up a bit,” Danny hears as he cranes his neck to see the hostages start coming up. “You know, like how your life’s going. Sounds like work is good.”

“Yeah, it’s not bad,” Danny says, shifting the phone to his other ear, trapping it against his chest as he checks his gun.

“Okay, that’s the last one,” Andy says. “I’m sitting on the floor, like you said.”

“Andy, you are doing great,” Danny says. “I’m coming in now, okay?”

“Yeah,” Andy says. “Just you though, right?”

“You got it.”

Danny waves Steve, Chin and Kono in behind him as he goes in slow.

“Danny, that you?” he hears the guy yell out, and he closes the phone and yells back.

“Yeah, Andy.”

“You know, I still remember your mouth on my dick,” Andy monologues. Loudly. “I swear to God, I have not had my dick sucked like that since, since never. It was like, at least as good as my first blowjob ever. Blew, my, mind.”

Un-fucking-believable. Danny refuses to look back and see Steve and Chin’s response to this. This guy is just an endless fucking pain in his ass.

When he comes around the door, gun aimed straight out, Andy’s doing as he promised, though.

“Oh, cop,” Andy sighs, putting his gun down.

“Slide that over, okay,” Danny says, and Andy does. “And it’s detective, actually.”

“Right, man, sorry,” Andy says. “And I guess I owe you an apology for last time too, I mean, I called you a-“

“Yeah, man, got it,” Danny says, taking the mag and chambered bullet out of Andy’s gun and shoving them in his pocket. “You were high.”

“Nah man,” Andy says, shaking his head. “I was not high, that was the problem. That’s when I turn into an asshole, I know it, my buddies know it, everybody knows it.”

“All clear,” Danny yells back at his team.

“You brought other cops, dude?” Andy says, getting angry. “Fuck, I told you, just you, man. Last time that other guy shoved my head into the car, I had to get two stitches, look at that,” he says, shoving a hand into his hair to pull it aside.

“C’mon,” Danny says, incredulous, as he sees Steve and Kono and Chin filter into the room, weapons up. “Really, you thought I was coming in here without backup?”

“Well, it’s just kind of a douche move,” Andy says, standing up, his face twisting into angry.

“Stay down,” Danny says, serious again and aiming, but Andy’s reaching behind him and yup, there’s another gun. This was fucking stupid on so many levels: falling for Andy’s cheerful moments, calling in his team before the room was totally secure, maybe even thinking that Andy wasn’t that bad, because fuck, he’d sucked the guy’s dick, and it’d been hot, Andy shoving him down and gripping his hair just right, just the way he liked it. Fucking stupid as shit.

“That’s like a betrayal,” Andy says, waving the gun to emphasize his point.

“Andy, put the gun on the floor,” Danny says, praying.

“And if you can’t even trust the guys – I mean, I let you put my dick in your mouth, you fucking, then who can you trust, right?”

“You let the hostages go,” Danny says, keeping eye contact, not looking at his team so he won’t betray their locations as they move cautiously to surround him. “Nobody got hurt. You didn’t shoot at any officers, even. You stop now and put that gun on the ground, you’re gonna be fine.”

“You don’t know one fucking thing about fine,” says Andy. “You don’t know one fucking thing about my life, about getting fucking beat for sucking dick, you fucking cop.”

“So tell me,” Danny says, makes a decision and pulls his hands apart, taking his sights off Andy. Chin’s got him covered, Danny can see in his peripheral.

“No, fuck you man,” Andy says, shivering, and puts the gun to his own head. “Fuck you, and fuck prison.”

“Andy-“ Danny starts, and Kono takes Andy down, grabs the gun, and has him pinned in about two seconds.

Danny stares at Andy, watches him howling with his mouth open against the floor, and walks the fuck out of there.

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When Steve knocks on Danny’s door, Danny’s not drunk. He’s not even drinking, at all, because he’s seen it take other cops and now he knows – don’t fucking drink when you don’t feel right, don’t drink when you’re not with your buddies.

That’s what he’s telling himself, hunched on the couch. Don’t drink, because you love your job and your daughter and even Hawaii, a little bit.

That’s when Steve knocks. Danny lets him in.

“You come empty-handed to my house?” Danny says, trying to pull a laugh.

“You call this a house?” Steve says. “Because it looks like a shitty rat-infested apartment to me.”

“Well, pull up a shitty rat-infested chair, my friend,” Danny says, gesturing.

“I will,” Steve says, sits on Danny’s sofabed and crosses one leg across his knee.

Danny closes the door and turns around, hesitates a second and then goes and sits on his one armchair.

“Let’s talk,” Steve says.

“Let’s order a pizza instead,” Danny says. “I beg of you, let’s just order a pizza – I’ll get fruit on it, even.”

“That was a rough situation,” Steve says. “And I knew you knew the guy; I shouldn’t have let you go in there first, alone. I shouldn’t have put that on you.”

“I put that on me,” Danny says. “With all due respect, you’re not the boss of me. Boss.”

Steve smiles a little, with one side of his mouth.

“You really don’t want to talk about it?” Steve says. “’Cause I’ll take you up on that pizza deal, actually” – and Danny doesn’t know why that does it but he puts a hand to his face and tries to swallow down the pit of sick inside him.

“Danno,” Steve says, sitting up. Standing up, crossing the tiny room in two steps and puts a hand on his tensed shoulder.

“I don’t know if this is worth it,” Danny says, and puts his head in his hands, running hands over the back of his neck. Steve pauses a second, then takes back his hand.

“Fuck you,” Steve says, suddenly. “You’re not him, you asshole. You’ve got Brian and we’ve got your back, you said, you said you knew that.”

“Brian is – fuck Brian,” Danny says. “And fuck – I mean, fuck. This is fucking hard, Steve. On like, a day to day level. This is not fucking easy.”

“So you’re just gonna give up,” Steve says, loud. “You have this whole part of yourself you’re gonna pretend isn’t there because of some fucking assholes ruining this for everybody else.”

“C’mon,” Danny says. “What’s the chance of me – whatever, settling down, I don’t know – really? What the fuck’s the point of putting myself through this?”

“Because,” Steve says, in a tone that’s like anger hiding panic. “Because, fuck, okay, fuck, don’t fucking punch me,” and then he’s yanking Danny up by the shoulder and fucking *kissing him*, so fucking hard and then slower, like he’s got one shot and he’s doing it right, fuck whatever Danny thinks.

“Steve,” Danny says, about as shell-shocked as he was – fuck, he can’t even think of anything. Not as much as holding his daughter for the first time but definitely more than when Rachel served him with divorce papers. A special new level of what-the-fuck that goes right down to the pit of his stomach.

“You can’t give up on this before,” Steve says, “Before we work our way around to this, okay?”

“Okay,” Danny says, leaning up to touch his forehead to Steve’s. He hangs there for a second, adjusting, and then fuck, wraps a hand around the back of Steve’s neck and pulls him down, kisses him rough, and then they’re off, fuck it, two seconds from launch, Danny pulls Steve’s shirt off and takes in Steve’s chest – actually a pretty familiar sight, that secret nudist – with whole new eyes, with the freedom to touch and fuck, fuck, he’s so hard already, like a teenager. Fuck, Steve.

“Let me,” Steve says, yanks off Danny’s tie with obvious satisfaction, looks at the buttons on Danny’s shirt like the thought of taking the time to undo them all blows his mind, and Danny just fucking pulls it off over his head, not willing to take the time to fuck with buttons either.

“Get-“ Danny starts, and Steve pushes him towards the sofabed, still tucked away – and god, Danny wishes he’d had a little more foresight here, wishes he could spread Steve out properly and lick his way down that body, positively fucking sculpted from years of diligent Navy training. Or even better, that they could be in Steve’s lovely home right now, with what’s probably a lovely gigantic bed, and not Danny’s shithole.

It’s not really stopping him, or Steve, who’s shoving him down and climbing on top of him, pushing his head to just a certain angle, and fuck that, Danny’s not some blushing virgin to get pushed around here – hell, he’s definitely done this whole two-dicks-one-room thing

more than Steve so he rolls them over, unbuckles Steve's belt recklessly – looks up for a second, just in case of freak out, and there's a little of that there, for sure, but way more than that there's desperation, and fear, and a twinkle that means if Danny stops there Steve's gonna throw him in the tank with real sharks, not just harmless Galapagos tourist sharks.

So he yanks down Steve's pants and briefs, Steve lifting his hips up obligingly, thanks god for the thin layer of carpet protecting his shitty knee, and goes down on him with everything he's got. Because, okay, they're both men, they're both detectives, maybe they have some competition going on. And this one, Danny's gonna win.

Steve's fucking responsive as hell, jerking up every couple seconds, remembering to be polite, holding himself still, then fucking jerking up again when he gets lost in it and forgets, and it makes Danny crazy, the heavy feel of it in his mouth, the seconds where he'd choke if he were any less experienced at this than he is, the way Steve's shifting so restlessly underneath him.

"Danno," Steve says. The sweat prickles on Danny's back, the room so fucking hot around them.

"Danno," Steve says, again, jerks his hips up and his head back and comes, and Danny spits it out into a tissue from the box he keeps by the couch and ten seconds later Steve's kissing him again, and Danny's appreciating the appreciation and all but if Steve doesn't touch him soon he's gonna cry, so he clambers up, pulls one of Steve's hands right onto his dick through his jeans, and Steve gets on the clue bus and unzips him, licks his hand like the always-prepared Boy Scout he totally is at heart and jerks Danny off rough and mean, like he's holding a grudge about how long he had to wait for this, and Danny shoves a hand in Steve's hair and holds on for about twenty seconds before he's coming too, all over Steve's abs.

He falls back on the couch next to Steve a bit later – ten seconds, two minutes, who knows – and they breath for a second next to each other, just a little too long to prevent the awkwardness building.

"Danno," Steve says, finally.

"Yeah," Danny says, pulling his pants back up and tucking himself back in, so he doesn't look so stupid.

"I think I might be into guys," Steve says, and Danny punches him, hard, right in the shoulder as Steve cackles, more chipper than Danny's ever seen him.

"Get the fuck up," Danny says. "This sofa's gotta transform – you're gonna be amazed. Sofa, magic, bed."

"How are you a grown man," Steve says, heaving himself up. "I just don't see it."

Danny looks at him across the sofa, the long lean line of his body, and fucking grins his face off.

"Stop that, you smug bastard," Steve says.

“Steve,” Danny says, after a second.

“Yeah, Danno,” Steve says, and when he smiles his eyes crinkle up at the corners.

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“So be honest, how long’d you pine,” Danny says, killing time.

“So now who’s Mr. Humble over here,” Steve says, distracted.

“You pined. You longed for me. You probably wrote poetry and like, sang it to the hills.”

“Look, we all gotta get our rocks off, that’s pretty much this situation-“

“Our ‘rocks off’? You used to talk like that to that cutie lieutenant?”

“You still use ‘cutie’ to talk about grown women?”

“You are such a social deficient,” Danny says, peering over the edge of the building.

Steve shrugs and lets the perp up. The guy slumps to the ground and Danny shakes his head sadly.

“No respect for individual liberty against the abusive control of the state, that’s what I’m not seeing here,” Danny says.

“Attorney Brian teach you that?”

“No,” Danny says. “Brian taught me this though,” and kisses Steve, right there for God and the world and that whimpering perp to see.

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